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Aunt Deborah -

"CRAIGIE HOUSE"
THE HOME OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

CHRISTMAS BELLS

AND

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

NEW YORK
BARSE & HOPKINS
PUBLISHERS

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Christmas Bells.

I HEARD the bells on
Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols
play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-
will to men!

And thought how, as the day
had come,
The belfries of all Christen-
dom

Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-
will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its
way,
The world resolved from
night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-
will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the south,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stone of a continent,

And made forlorn
The household born
Of peace on earth, good-
will to men!

And in despair I bowed my
head;
"There is no peace on
earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-
will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more
loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth
he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-
will to men!"

A Christmas Carol.

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs,
Hark! they play so sweet;

On their hautboys, Chris-
mas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever Higher
Sing them till the night
expire!

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry
rhymes.
Let us by the fire

Ever higher
Sing them till the night
expire.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was
born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night
expire!

CHRISTMAS BELLS

AND

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

NEW YORK - BARSE & HOPKINS, PUBLISHERS.

NO DATE --

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with
freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night
expire!

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something
else,

Christmas songs at times have
tried.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night
expire!

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and
feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher

Sing them till the night
expire!

Who by the fireside
stands
Stamps his feet and sings;
But he who blows his
hands
Not so gay a carol brings,
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night
expire!

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